Blood family

So have I crossed The Lethe's silent banks
to suffer isolation's quiet death;
this solitude, few know how high it ranks,
with only balm, to draw an unheard breath.
The company I keep, it taxes me,
each interaction leading to a cost,
not least those calling themselves family
who condescend on all that I have lost.
But then I drink and patronise those met,
it is a vicious spiral, so I find,
I imitate that which on me is set,
and only fall to kinship's cruél kind.
I must recall, improve, not do the same,
and somehow learn to educate my game.